

Future Deputy Harrington by EvieSmallwood

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Summary:

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He's laughing—he probably shouldn't be, a part of him knows that—but he can't quite wrap his head around the idea. Sure, the kid can kick ass, and he's responsible in the most immature way, but Jesus...

"I want to work for you," Steve says again. He rests his hands on his hips, clearly a little defensive. The mom stance must be a natural reaction to that.

Future Deputy Harrington

Author's Note:

I think we can all agree that Steve becoming Hopper's deputy is pretty much canon. I couldn't resist writing something on it.

This is a prelude to an upcoming s3 fic.

"I want to work for you."

Hopper's gaze snaps up from the paperwork in hand, which he's been absorbed in for the last hour or so; Callahan's reports have never been the most detailed or grammatically correct. It takes him a moment to focus on the figure before him, to process the words that were spoken.

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"I want to work for you," Steve says again. He rests his hands on his hips, clearly a little defensive. The mom stance must be a natural reaction to that.

Hopper clicks his pen, still grinning. He shakes his head. "As what? Secretary? We already have Flo."

Steve scoffs. He actually looks like he's about to leave for a minute, but then he doesn't. That catches Hopper's attention. "Listen," he says, "My whole life I didn't know what I wanted to do, or where I wanted to go, but I've always been looking for home. Thing is, after saving this shit town twice from... *you know what*, I've realised... I don't wanna leave here any time soon. I have people to look after. To protect."

Hopper chews his pen, contemplating. "Well, Harrington, that was a

nice speech, but—”

“Chief!”

“But I can’t just hire you. There’s training, tests—you’d have to attend the academy for at least thirteen weeks. That’s your whole summer, you do realise.”

“I can do math, thanks.”

“Good to know.”

They stare at one another. Hopper looks him up and down. He’s in shape—more shape than Hopper himself, obviously, which is good. Callahan and Powell are complete dipshits... He toys absently with the idea of work actually getting done around here—getting done right.

“What’re your grades like?”

The conversation has suddenly turned more serious. Steve pulls up a chair and straddles the back. “C’s mostly for my first couple of years, but this last year I’ve made mostly A’s and B’s.”

Hopper nods. He’d been much the same. “What about your old man? I heard he had some sort of job ready for you?”

Steve’s face scrunches up. “How did you hear that?”

It’s then that Hopper realises he just doesn’t know. He’s been around Joyce’s place so much these last few weeks, and the house is *always* crammed with kids. They all talk at once, and loudly. Steve is brought up often enough. Hopper shrugs. “Doesn’t matter. You don’t wanna go for that?”

“My dad is an executive at a faceless corporation,” he snaps. “Everything he does is bullshit, he’s out of town most weeks, and his marriage is a sham. Sorry, but I’ve seen the way that ends up, and I don’t want it.”

“It’d be an easy climb up the ladder,” Hopper points out. “You’d probably be making six figures by your thirties, man.”

Steve shrugs. "Yeah... so?"

"Listen, kid," he leans across the desk, regarding him, "money doesn't grow on trees—"

"No shit—"

"And I'm sure you're used to having plenty of it," Hopper continues. "Look at you. It's Wednesday afternoon and you're wearing eighty dollar shoes."

Steve glances at his feet with some newfound insecurity. "So? How much do yours cost?"

"Fifty bucks, and they're five years old," Hopper replies promptly. "One of the two pairs I own."

The kid swallows. "I don't care about shoes."

"Yeah, you do."

"Well, yeah, okay, I do," Steve runs a hand through his hair, "but I care more about keeping those kids safe."

Hopper sighs. "Listen, Steven—can I call you Steven?" He doesn't wait for a reply. "When it comes down to brass tacks I know you'd be a good cop," he pauses, "but you have a lot of growing up to do—"

"Well then how 'bout... How 'bout I move out of my parents house, live on my own, get a job, you know?"

Hopper nods slowly. He fingers a cigarette out of his front pocket, puts it to his lips, but doesn't light it. *Damn girl is getting to me.* "That's a good start."

Steve brightens. "So you'll help me?"

Hopper regards him, truly regards him; looks past the expensive clothes and the hope filled eyes, and thinks about how he looks after those kids, always keeping them under his wing like some mother hen. He can handle that bat, too...

“Yeah. I’ll help you.”

Author's Note:

Very short, but sweet! Hope you enjoy :)